

The Holmes County Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1826.]

MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 6, 1860.

[NEW SERIES—VOL. 22—NO. 42.]

Business Directory.

REED & CRITCHFIELD,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.
Office—Up stairs in Critchfield's Corner
Block, opposite the Court-house.

D. S. UHL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.
Office—In Mayer's building, over the Book
Store.

WM. S. TANEYHILL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT
LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—Two
doors east of the Bank, up stairs.

DENTIST, Millersburg, Ohio. Artificial Teeth
inserted, from one to an entire set, on gold,
silver or vulcanite base. All operations skillfully
performed. Satisfaction warranted.
87 Rooms in the Ellison House. n204f

J. E. ATKINSON,
DENTIST, Millersburg, Ohio, tenders his
professional services to all who may need
anything in the way of Teeth operations, consist
ing in Filling, Extracting and inserting from one
to an entire set.

J. G. BIGMAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Fredericksburg,
Ohio. Respectfully announces his readiness
to give prompt attention to all who may need
his services. He is permitted to refer to the Medical Faculty
of the University of Michigan and to the Faculty
of Medicine of the University of New York city.
Sept. 27, 1860—n232a6

DR. S. D. RICHARDS,
HAS Located in Berlin, Holmes County, Ohio.
He will attend to all calls proper to his
profession. Especial attention to diseases of the
Eye. n291

DR. G. W. RAMAGE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Would respect-
fully inform the citizens of Holmes county and
vicinity that he has located himself in said place
for the practice of his profession. Office four
doors west of Reed's Corner.

DR. T. C. V. BOLING,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Millersburg, O.
Office on Main street, formerly occupied by
Dr. Irvine. n204f

DR. E. RICHARD,
MILLERSBURG, O. Office—on Jackson st.
nearly opposite the Empire House. Resi-
dence—on Clay street, opposite the Presbyterian
Church. n204f

DR. A. A. CRUMP,
GERMAN & ENGLISH BOTANIC PHYSICIAN,
Millersburg, O. Office—on the East end of
Main street, four doors above the Public square.
n204f

A. B. FRY,
WATCH MAKER & JEWELER, Main
Street, opposite Court House, Millersburg,
Ohio. n204f

JAS. HERRON & SON,
DEALERS IN English, German and Ameri-
can Hardware, Cutlery, Gills, Paints, Glass,
Sash, Pine Doors Saddlery and Coach Trim-
mings. n204f

ELLISON HOUSE,
MILLERSBURG, O. Proprietors, Jackson
Street, Millersburg, Ohio. n204f

OHIO HOUSE,
I. HOXWORTH, Proprietor, west end of Main
street, Millersburg, O. n27 Stage Office—
Daily Line of Coaches to Condoction. n204f

SIMS HOUSE,
JOHN SIMS, Proprietor, Sandusky Avenue,
Bucyrus, Ohio. n22

JOHNSON HOUSE,
L. D. JOHNSON, Proprietor, Public Square
Bucyrus, Ohio. n22

A. J. BELL,
COUNTY RECORDER AND NOTARY
PUBLIC, Millersburg, Ohio. He is at all
times ready to furnish, fill up, and take acknowl-
edgments of all kinds of Deeds, Conveyances,
mortgages, and powers of Attorneys, and Record
the same, take Depositions to be used in any of
the courts of this State. Also, Protest Notes, Bills
of exchange, &c. His office is in the County
Recorder's office. n24f

BAKER & WHOLE,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
and Dealers in
SALT, FISH, PLASTER, WHITE & WATER LIME,
FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN and oats
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.

BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, TALLOW
And all kinds of DRIED FRUITS.
W. H. HARRISON—MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

E. STEINBACHER & CO.,
Produce and Commission Merchants,
SALT, FISH, WHITE & WATER LIME, &c.
200 FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FLOUR, GRAIN, MILL STUFFS,
SALT, FISH, WHITE & WATER LIME, &c.
200 FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Wool,
SHEEP, DRIED FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS, &c.
June 1, 1860. M. M. SERRILL, Agent,
Millersburg, Ohio.

HANCOCK CAMP & CO.,
Produce & General Commission Merchants
No. 47, NORTH WATER STREET, NEW YORK.

S. WEIRICH & BRO.,
DEALERS IN
IRON, STEEL, NAILS,
LEVELS, CHISELS, BRACES,
BITS, AUGERS, SLICKS, SAWS,
SQUARES, ADZES, &c.

WYNDOW'SH, DOORS,
MECHANICS' TOOLS, &c.
OILS, WHITE LEAD, SADDLERY,
Agricultural Implements,
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.
A. S. LOUHER
I am carrying on the tailoring business in all its various
branches in Boston city.

MUYAVE'S STORE.
His experience and taste enables him to render especial
attention to those for whom he does work, and he hopes
by industry and close application to business to receive
liberal share of patronage.

GROCERY STORE.
GROVER & ITNER has removed his
Grocery and Provision Store
To the Rooms formerly occupied by
FRYE'S Jewelry store.

GROCERIES
All who want to buy the best quality of
should call.
April 26, 1860. G. ITNER.

Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE OLDEN HOME.

BY R. F. BRIDGEMAN.

There are echoing notes that often thrill
The heart with their magic power,
As we again in the murmuring rill
Where we sported in childhood's hour.
'Tis the loving song which a mother sang,
E'er sorrow the heart had known,
It is dear to me yet as when it first rang
In the halls of the olden home.

While the orient beams of life's young morn,
Write their rainbow tints have died,
And the misty shadows of sorrow and gloom
O'er its pathway their darkness have spread,
Then sweeter than notes of Italian harp,
Or the evening zephyr's tone,
Comes the sweet refrain of the olden time,
And song of the olden home.

Other tones may fall on the listening ear
With a cadence wild and free,
Other songs be sung which the heart holds dear,
But none like the homestead gleam,
For the heart was in that loving song,
And the soul was free to roam,
Untamed by the fear of the world's gay throng,
In the song of the olden home.

When far adown time's rolling stream,
Burns on by its restless power,
And the heart is left to the night's gleam,
O'er the dew on the opening flower,
Though a father loved, and a mother dear,
May have joined the spirit throng,
Still my heart will prize as a treasure rare
The song of the olden home.

Then give me the song of my boyhood days,
Let me feel its magic power,
For it breathes the soul with a light whose rays
Illumine life's darkest hour.
'Tis a blessed boon in the wide world's strife,
A pearl of value unknown;
Redeemed from the depths of the ocean of life,
The song of the olden home.

A Capital Story.

BY MRS. C. A. SCULLE.

While traveling in 1857, through the
beautiful city of Leipzig, I observed,
about a half league from the gate of the
town, a few rods from the highway, a
wheel and the bones of a chained corpse
exposed to the gaze of every passer.

The following is the history of the
criminal as I learned from the judge who
conducted the trial, and condemned him
to be broken alive.

A German, butcher, being beighted in
the midst of a forest, lost his way, and
in endeavoring to find the road, was at-
tacked by highwaymen. He was on
horseback, and accompanied by a large
dog. One of the robbers seized the horse
by the bridle, while the two others drag-
ged the butcher from his saddle and felled
him. The dog immediately leaped upon
one of them and strangled him, but the
other wounded the animal so severely,
that he rushed into the woods, uttering
the most fearful howls. The butcher, who
by this time had disengaged himself from
the grasp of the second robber, drew his
knife and killed him. But at the same
moment he received a shot from the third
one, who had wounded the dog, and fall-
ing, was despatched by the thief, who
found upon him a large amount of gold,
a silver watch and a few other articles of
value. He plundered the corpse, leaped
upon the horse and fled.

The next morning, two wood cutters
happening in that path, were surprised
to find three dead bodies, and a large dog
who seemed to be guarding them. They
examined them, and endeavored to restore
life, but in vain.

One of them dressed the wounds of the
dog, gave him some food and sought some
water for him, while the other hastened
to the nearest village with the news of his
discovery. The officer, accompanied by
several attendants, was soon on the spot;
a surgeon examined the wounds of the
three bodies; they drew up a verbal pro-
cess and interred them.

The dog had dragged himself in the
course of the night, when all was quiet,
to the corpse of his master, where he was
the next morning. He allowed his new
friends to dress his wounds.

He looked on quietly as they dug the
grave, and allowed them to bury the
bodies but as the turf was replaced, he
stretched himself upon it, howled mourn-
fully, and resisted all efforts of the by-
standers to induce him to move. He snarled
at all who came near him, except the
woodman who had tended him. He bore
his caresses, but no sooner did the man
attempt to take his paw to remove him
from the grave than he gnashed his teeth
and would have wounded him severely if
he had not fled. Every one admired the
fidelity of the dog and when the woodman
offered to carry him food and drink each
day that he might not perish, the magis-
trate proposed taking up a collection to
remunerate the man, as he was poor and
the father of a large family. With diffi-
culty he was induced to accept the money
but he finally did, and from that moment
burdened himself with the care of his new
pensioner.

The details of this horrible event were
published in the principle journals of the
country, J. Myers, a brother of the but-
cher, reading sometime afterward the adver-
tisement of the magistrate, hastened in-
stantly to his presence, saying he too well
founded that his brother had fallen into
the hands of robbers as he had left home
with a large sum of money for the pur-
chase of beefs, and was not since heard
from. His suspicions were only too well
and sadly confirmed when the magistrate
related to him the conduct of a dog which
he described. Mr. Myers, accom-
panied by the magistrate and several other
persons repaired to the grave. As soon as
the dog perceived his master's brother,
he howled, lapped his hands and evinced
other demonstrations of joy. By different
parts of his dress, Mr. Myers recognized
the body of his brother when they dis-
interred it. The absence of the gold and
the watch, the wounds of the butcher and
his dog those of the two other bodies,
together with the disappearance of the
witnesses that the deceased had not only

been assassinated by two but also by sev-
eral others, who had fled, with the horse
and plunder.

Having obtained permission, Mr. Myers
removed the corpse to his native vil-
lage, and interred it in the adjoining cem-
etry. The faithful dog followed the body
but by degrees he became attached to his
new master.

Every effort was made by the most dil-
igent search, and the offer of immense re-
wards to secure the assassins. But in
vain—the horrible tragedy remained an
enigma.

Two years had passed away, and all
hopes of solving the mystery had van-
ished, when Mr. Myers, received a letter,
urging him to repair to Leipzig without
delay to close the eyes of his maternal un-
cle, who desired to see him before he died.
He immediately hastened thither, accom-
panied by his brother's dog, who was his
constant companion. He arrived too late.
His relative had deceased the previous
evening, bequeathing to him a large for-
tune. He found the city crowded, it be-
ing the season of the great fair held regu-
larly there twice a year.

While walking one morning on the
public square, attended as usual by his
dog, he was astonished to behold the an-
ticipated leap forward like a flash. He
jumped upon the crowd, and leaped furiously
upon an elegantly dressed man, who was
seated in the center of the square, on an
elevated platform erected for the specta-
tles who desired more conveniently to
witness the show. He held him by the
throat with so firm a grasp that he would
have strangled him had not assistance
been rendered. They immediately chained
the dog, and thinking of course he
must be mad, strove to kill him. Mr.
Myers ran through the crowd and arrived
in time to save his faithful friend, call-
ing eagerly in the meantime upon the by-
standers to arrest the man, for he believed
the dog recognized in him the murderer
of his brother.

Before he had time to explain himself,
the young man, profiting by the tumult,
escaped. For some moments they thought
Myers himself mad, and he had great
difficulty in persuading those who had
bound the dog that the faithful creature
was not in the least dangerous, and be-
gged earnestly for them to release him that
he might pursue the assassin. He spoke
in so convincing a manner, that his hear-
ers finally felt persuaded of the truth of
his assertions, and restored the dog to
his freedom, who joyously bounded to his
master, leaped upon him a few times and
hastened away.

He divided the crowd, and was soon on
the enemy's track. The police, who up-
on these occasions are very active and
prompt, were immediately informed of
this singular and very extraordinary event,
and a number were soon in pursuit.
The dog became in a few minutes the ob-
ject of public curiosity, and every one
drew back to give him room. Business
was suspended and crowds collected in
groups, conversing of nothing but the
dog and the murder which had been com-
mitted two years before.

After half an hour's expectation, a gen-
eral rush indicated that the search was
over. The man had stretched upon the
ground, in the heavy folds of a doublet,
and believed himself hidden. But,
in spite of his fancied security, his avenger
tracked him, and leaping upon him,
he tore his garments, and would have kil-
led him upon the spot, had not assistance
rushed to the rescue.

He was immediately arrested, and led,
with Mr. Myers and the dog, now care-
fully leashed, to the judge, who scarcely
knew what to say to a man who had hap-
pened two years before, and insisted on
the imprisonment of the man, declaring
that he was the murderer of his brother,
for the dog could not be deceived.

During all this time, it was almost im-
possible to hold the animal, who seemed
determined to attack the prisoner. Upon
interrogation the judge was not satisfied
with his replies, and had him searched.
There were found on him a large sum of
gold, jewels and five watches, of which
four were gold, and the fifth an old silver
one of but little consequence. As soon
as Myers saw the last, he declared it to
be the same his brother wore the day he
left home—and the description of his
watch published months before, corroborat-
ed his assertions. The robber never
dared to expose to his fear it would lead
to his detection, as he was well aware
that it had been minutely described in all
the principal journals in Germany.

In short, after the most minute and
convincing legal proceedings of eight
months, the murderer was condemned to
be broken alive on the wheel, as an ex-
ample to others. On the night preceding
the execution, he confessed, among other
crimes, which until then he had always
denied, that he was the murderer of My-
er's brother. He gave them all the details
as above related, and declared, and he al-
ways believed the cursed dog had died of
his wounds. "Had it not been for him,"
he repeated several times. "I would not
have been here. Nothing else could have
discovered me, for I had killed the horse
and buried him with all his wares."

He expired on the wheel, and this was
the corpse which I beheld, before entering
the gates at Leipzig.

This London Times regards the inter-
ference of the French Admiral with the
operations of the Sardinian squadron, on
the Neapolitan coast, as the most ineli-
cable episode of the present campaign, and
says it requires all its confidence in the
ability of the Emperor to persuade it that
his policy is not a series of vagaries, the
offspring of momentary impulses, or the
conflict of counsels of ministers and allies.

The Salem, N. J., Standard says:—
"We have heard it suggested that appli-
cation be made to the next Legislature of
this State for a law to regulate the price
of votes in Salem county. Some of the
dependent voters are said to express dis-
satisfaction at the inequality of prices paid
at the election—some voters getting only
\$1.50 while others received \$20, and
some even as high as \$25.

First Battle of the Revolution.

The following description of the battle
of Lexington is from Bancroft's seventh
volume of the History of the United
States:

On the afternoon of the 18th of April,
the day on which the Provincial Congress
of Massachusetts adjourned, Gen. Gage
took the light infantry and grenadiers off
duty, and secretly prepared an expedition
to destroy the colony's stores at Concord.
But the attempt had for several days been
expected; a strict watch had been kept;
and signals were connected to announce
the first movements of troops for the
country. Samuel Adams and Hancock,
who had not left Lexington for Philadel-
phia, received a timely message from
Warren, and in consequence, the Com-
mittee of Safety removed a part of the
public stores and secreted the cannon.

On Tuesday, the 18th, ten or more ser-
geants in disguise dispersed themselves
through Cambridge and farther west,
to intercept all communication. In the fol-
lowing night, the grenadiers and light in-
fantry, not less than eight hundred in
number, the flower of the army at Bos-
ton, commanded by the incompetent
Lieutenant Colonel Smith, crossed in the
boats of the transport ships from the foot
of the Common to East Cambridge—
There they received a day's provisions,
and near midnight, after waiting west
of the marshes, that are now covered by a sta-
tionary town, they took the road through West
Cambridge to Concord.

"They will miss their aim," said one
of the party who observed their depart-
ure. "What aim?" asked Lord Percy,
who overheard the remark. "Why, the
cannon, at Concord!" was the answer.
Percy hastened to Gage, who instantly
directed that no one should be suffered to
leave the town. But Warren had already
at ten o'clock dispatched William Davis
through Roxbury to Lexington, and at
the same time desired Paul Revere to set
off by the way of Charlestown. Revere
stopped only to engage a friend to raise
the concerted signals, and five minutes
before the sentinels got orders to prevent
it, two friends rowed him past the Sum-
ner man-of-war across Charles river.
All was still as suited the hour. The
ship was winding with the young flood;
the waning moon just peered above the
horizon; while from a couple of lanterns
in the tower of the North Church, the
beacon streamed to the neighboring town
as fast as light could travel. A little be-
yond Charlestown Neck, Revere was inter-
cepted by two British officers on horse-
back, but being himself well mounted, he
turned suddenly, and leading one of them
into a clay pond, he escaped from the other
by the road to Medford. As he passed on,
he walked the Captain of the Minute Men
of that town, and continued to rouse al-
most every house on the way to Lexing-
ton. The troops had not advanced far,
when the firing of guns and the ringing
of bells announced that their expedition
had been heralded before them; and Smith
sent back to demand a reinforcement.

On the morning of the 19th of April,
between the hours of twelve and one, the
message of Warren reached Adams and
Hancock, who divined at once the object
of the expedition. Revere, therefore, and
Davis, joined by Samuel Prescott, a
"high son of liberty" from Concord, rode
forward, calling up the inhabitants as
they passed along, till in Lincoln they
fell upon a party of British officers. Re-
vere and Davis were seized and taken back
to Lexington, where they were released;
but Prescott leaped over a low stone wall,
and galloped on for Concord.

There, at about two in the morning, a
peal from the bell of the meeting house
called the inhabitants of the place to their
arms. They came forth, old and young,
with their firelocks ready to make good
the resolute words of their town de-
bate. Among the most alert was Wil-
liam Emerson, the minister with gun in
hand, his powder horn, and pouch for
balls, slung over his shoulder. By his
sermons and prayers, he had so hallowed
the enthusiasm of his flock that they held
the defense of their liberties a part of
their covenant with God; his presence
with arms proved his sincerity and stren-
gthened their sense of duty. From day-
break to sunrise the summons ran from
house to house through Acton—Express
messengers and volleys from minute men
spread the alarm.

Lexington, in 1775, may have had 700
inhabitants, forming one parish, and hav-
ing for their minister the learned and fer-
vent James Clark, the bold inditor of
patriotic papers that may yet be read in
their town records. In December, 1772,
they had instructed their representatives
to demand a radical redress for their
grievances, for "not through their neg-
ligence should they be enslaved." A year
later they spurred the use of tea. In 1774,
at various town meetings, they voted to
increase their stock of ammunition, "to
encourage military discipline, and to put
themselves in a posture of defense against
their enemies." In December they dis-
tributed to "the train band and alarm
list arms and ammunition," and resolved
to supply the training soldiers with bay-
onets.

At two in the morning, under the eyes
of the minister, and of Hancock and
Adams, Lexington Common was alive with
the minute men; and not with them only
but with many old men, also, who were
except, except in immediate danger to
the town. The roll was called, and out
of militia and alarm men, about one hun-
dred answered to their names. The Cap-
tain, John Parker, ordered every one to
load with powder and ball, but to take
care not to be the first to fire. Messen-
gers sent out to look out for the British
regulars reported that there were no signs
of their approach. A watch was there-
fore set, and the company dismissed with
orders to come together at beat of the
drum. Some went to their homes, some
to the tavern near the Southeast corner
of the common.

Adams and Hancock, whose proscrip-
tion had already been divulged, and
whose seizure was believed to be intended
were compelled by persuasion to retire to-
wards Woburn.

The last stars were vanishing from
sight when the foremost party, led by
Pitcairn, a Major of Marines, was discov-
ered advancing quickly and in silence.
Alarm guns were fired, and the drums
beat. Less than seventy—perhaps less
than sixty—obeyed the summons, and in
sight of half as many armed men, were
perched in two ranks a few rods north of
the meeting house.

The British van, hearing the drum,
and the alarm guns, halted to load; and
at half an hour before sunrise the advance
party hurried forward in double quick
time, almost upon a run, closely followed
by the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front
and within five or six rods of the
minute men, cried out: "Disperse, ye vil-
lains; ye rebels disperse! lay down your
arms and disperse!" The main part of the
countrymen stood motionless in the ranks,
witnesses against aggression; too few to
resist, too brave to fly. At this Pitcairn
discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice
cried, "Fire!" The order was instantly
followed, first by a few guns, which did
no execution, and then by a heavy, close
and deadly discharge of musketry.

In the disparity of numbers, the com-
mon was a field of murder, not of battle;
Parker, therefore ordered his men to dis-
perse. Then, and not till then, did a few
of them, on their own impulse, return
the British fire. These random shots of
fugitive-lying men did no harm, ex-
cept that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps
gazed and a private of the tenth reg-
iment was slightly touched on the leg.

Jonas Parker, the strongest and best
wrestler in Lexington, had promised never
to run from British troops; and he kept his
word. Having discharged his gun, he
was preparing to load it again, when
as about a spear as ever throbbled for free-
dom was stifled by a bayonet, and he lay
on the post which he took at the morn-
ing's drum beat. So fell Isaac Muzzy,
and so died the aged Robert Monroe, the
same who in 1758 had been ensign at
Louisburg. Johnathan Harrington, Jr.,
was struck in front of his house on the
north of the Common. His wife was at
the window when he fell. With the blood
gushing from his breast he rose in her
sight, tottered, fell again, then crawl-
ed on his hands and knees towards his
dwelling; she ran to meet him, but only
reached him as he expired on the thresh-
old. Caleb Harrington, who had gone
into the meeting house for powder, was
shot as he came out. Samuel Hatley and
John Brown were pursued and killed af-
ter they had left the green. Ashael Por-
ter, of Woburn, who had been taken pris-
oner by the march, endeavoring to escape
was shot within a few rods of the Com-
mon.

When traveling in a stage coach, I
met a young lady who seemed to be on
the constant lookout for something laugh-
able; and not content with laughing her-
self, took great pains to make others do
the same.

Now traveling in a stage coach is rather
a prosy business. People in this situa-
tion are apt to show themselves peevish
and selfish; so the young lady's good hu-
mor was, for a time, very agreeable to
travelers. Every old barn was made the
subject of a passing joke, while the cows
and hens looked demurely on, little
dreaming that folks could be merry at
their expense.

After a while an old woman came run-
ning across the fields, swinging her bag at
the coachman and in a shrill voice beg-
ging him to stop.

The good natured coachman drew up
his horses, and the good old lady coming
to the fence by the roadside, squeezed
herself through two bars, which were not
only in a horizontal position but very
near together. The young lady in the
stage coach made some indignant remark
and the passengers laughed. It seemed
very excusable; for in getting through the
fence, the poor woman had made sad
work with her old black bonnet, and now
taking a seat beside a well dressed lady,
really looked as if she had been blown
there by a whirlwind. This was a new
piece of fun, and the girl made the most
of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a
card, pretended when she was not look-
ing to take patterns of her bonnet. At length
the poor woman turned a pale face to-
ward her.

"My dear," said she, "you are young
healthy, and happy; I have been so too,
but that time is past. I am now decrepit
and forlorn. This coach is taking me to
the death-bed of my child. And then
my dear, I will be a poor old woman, all
alone in a world where merry girls think
me a very amusing object. They will
laugh at my old fashioned clothes, and
old appearance, forgetting that the old
woman has a spirit that has loved and
suffered and will live forever.

The coach now stopped before a poor
looking house, and the old lady feebly de-
cended the steps.

"How is she?" was the first trembling
inquiry of the poor mother.

"Just alive," said the man who was
leading her to the house.

Putting up the steps, the driver mount-
ed his box, and we were upon the road
again. Our merry young friend had
placed her card in her pocket. She was
leaving her head upon her hand; and you
may be assured I was not sorry to see a
tear upon her fair young cheek. It was
a good lesson, and one which we hoped
would do her good.

It is often a question among people in-
acquainted with physiology, whether ly-
ing with the head raised or level with the
body is most wholesome. Physicians
declare the latter to be the best, and say
that the vessels through which the blood
passes from the heart to the head are al-
ways lessened in their cavities when the
head is resting in bed higher than the body
the head ought to be nearly on a level
with the trunk, and people should accus-
tom themselves to sleep thus, in order to
avoid the danger resulting in the opposite
habit. The relative position of the head
and trunk, when the former is bolstered
up in bed, is the same as that produced by
stooping; the head forward when the body
is erect.

"Dad has Struck It."

The following story of the coal oil ex-
citement in Alleghany county, Penn., is
as like to nature as it is true, as it prob-
ably is, for that matter.

"In a neighborhood on the creek lived
and labored a son of Vulcan, who with
his limited means, had barely enough to
secure a small piece of land and to obtain
a scanty living for his rising family. The
idea of his children had been taught to
shoot but little in any direction towards
knowledge or refinement, and he little ex-
pected to be anything more than the vil-
lage blacksmith. But when the oil fever
broke out, learning of the success of his
neighbors in finding oil, he thought that
he might while away his spare hours in
drilling a hole upon his own homestead
lot; and, having tools convenient, he went
to work and after a few weeks of patient
industry, was successful in obtaining a
good show of oil. It was soon noised
about the village, and the blacksmith was
also, who had blossomed into maidenhood
almost unnoticed and unknown, but now
became more an object of interest to the
young men in that small community.
It became a question how to break the ice
of former indifference, and to secure a fa-
vorable acquaintance with the heiress of
the oil well. For a while the natural tim-
idity of the boys kept them aloof; but at
last one of the boldest and best favored
among them determined to try his luck,
and on Sunday evening, attired in his
best, resolutely marched forward and
offered to escort the damsel home. Im-
agine his chagrin when she, turning upon
him a look of lofty independence that
would have done honor to a Broadway
belle, replied in language more severe than
chastity:—'Nonsense; you can't come that
Dad has struck it!'

How completely does the above anec-
dote exemplify American humors! We
have no aristocracy of rank and birth.
Those who are at the bottom of the pile
of society in one generation, may become
the top sticks of the heap in the next.
Wealth makes all the difference with us,
which birth and rank do in Europe.
"Dad has struck it," has a wonderful
effect on the estimation of others, or on
the value we attach to ourselves.

When we see the daughters of a couple
that have worked hard through life and
eaten the bread of carefulness, thrumming
on the piano or sweeping the sidewalk
with their expensive silks, we think at
once they are showing the public that
"Dad has struck it!"

When we see a young woman flirting
in the streets with all the idle young men,
while her mother sits at home mending
her stockings for her, it is quite evident
that she thinks "Dad has struck it!"

When we see young men vamping
around with cigars in their mouths, driv-
ing fast horses instead of being at work,
we know they feel that "Dad has struck
it."

When a man has "struck it" himself,
by his own perseverance and industry, we
like to see him use it well, and, if neces-
sary, even for his own enjoyment. But
we want to see him bring up his children,
as he was brought up himself,